

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 728.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1869.

VOL. XXVIII. No. 25.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

My Recollections of Mendelssohn.

BY EDWARD DEVRIENT.

III.

In the new house Felix entered upon the period of youth with the new tendencies and occupations of freshly aroused energies. With the same zest and ardor, with which he used to take hold of everything, he threw himself into bodily exercises. The father had built a little gymnasium for the boys in the fine large garden adjoining the house; Felix trained himself to the utmost exactness and endurance in the well-known manœuvres. With great zest he learned to ride, and gave me glowing accounts of the horses and of the jokes of the old riding master, which I knew by experience. His swimming exercises during the following summer were pushed with jubilant enthusiasm. A little swimming club had been formed for the purpose. Klingemann, who lived with the Mendelssohn house, belonged to this club, and wrote swimming songs, which Felix composed, and which they tried to sing while swimming in the water; when they got home there was youthful fun and merriment enough to tell of at the supper table. Klingemann, who was soon transferred to the embassy at London, came into nearer and nearer relations with Felix. He enlisted his and Fanny's sympathy in Jean Paul, whose full-hearted sensibility and deep-souled humor exerted a great influence on Felix; these were kindred natures.

His musical calling now became an earnest matter and the profession of his life. His father, fully to satisfy himself of the sufficiency of Felix's capacity, had made a journey with him to Paris in the autumn of 1825, to call on Cherubini; and he, after examining his compositions and hearing a piano Concerto and a string quartet, had greeted the youth as a talent of great promise. So in the winter the opportunity of a concert of the violinist Maurer was availed of, for Felix to play Beethoven's piano Fantasia and bring out his latest composition, the grand Overture in C major. We called this the "Trumpet Overture," on account of the trumpet call which dominates the piece. He performed it once more in the great garden hall of the house, where now the Sunday music had its home, and again at the musical festival at Düsseldorf; nevertheless—and even though his father was so partial to the piece, that he told me he would like to hear it in his dying hour—Felix did not find it ripe for publication. Therefore he did not scruple afterwards to use the trumpet call in his "Hebrides" Overture.

And now there was to be a public trial of his operatic talent; the mother's love being impatient for a great success for the son. After many alterations, the opera "Camacho's Wedding" was declared finished, and was soon to appear. It was handed in to the Royal Theatre in 1826; the General Intendant, Count Brühl, showed

himself favorably inclined to further the first work of the young composer; but Spontini, who as general Music-director had the deciding voice about the acceptance of operas, who was hostile to everything which he was apprehensive might win the favor of the public, and who omitted no opportunity of solemnly asserting his own towering capacity and his official importance,—Spontini demanded the score, that he might examine it.

Dignity required that this experiment should last a long time; if he had actually read the score, it might have lasted still longer, for such business was not his forte. Finally the young composer was summoned, the score was spoken of in a tone of compassionate disparagement; and Spontini's concluding advice in regard to the composition of a comic opera consisted in his leading the young man to the window—he lived opposite the dome of the French Church—and saying to him: "*Mon ami, il vous faut des idées grandes, grandes comme cette coupole.*" It was finally decided that the opera should be performed; but other works claimed precedence, and so many obstacles were found, that the old Mendelssohn had a talk with Spontini and fell out with him entirely:—he had known him from his Paris days and had seen him with his wife at large parties and musical performances in his own house. Finally the mediation of Count Brühl, in the beginning of 1827, brought the work into the snail's course of the opera studies of that time.

I had until then only heard isolated pieces of "Camacho's Wedding" at the piano; had read the poem, and had not been able to suppress a certain uneasy doubt whether all this was so much better than "The Uncle from Boston," as to be likely to produce sufficient effect upon the public as Felix's first opera; now I took part in all the rehearsals, in the character of Carrasco, and gradually various scruples became clear to me.

The subject of the opera—already used and very well known in "The Village Barber" (*Dorfbarbier*)—is only suited to a comical catastrophe. The rejected lover's feint of having taken poison, and his sudden recovery, after he is married while seemingly upon the point of death, must of necessity produce a laughable effect. In the *Dorfbarbier*, the confirmation of the doctrine: that bacon is a universal remedy, evidently makes a more satisfactory conclusion, than the intervention of Don Quixote in "Camacho's Wedding." Such questionable material, together with the poet's inability to produce really dramatic situations and effects, made rather a tame affair of it. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in fact only ran along beside the action.

The composition still bore essentially the same character with all the boyish works of Felix. What made the chief impression on the hearer was, what he had contrived with his great gift to learn, the extraordinary cleverness in form, the skill shown in the right construction of musical pieces, the intelligent expression of the singing persons. All this was undeniable and claimed respect for the composer of sixteen, but did not

promise immediately to win and to enchain the hearers. In turning the humorous moments to account he did not get beyond what he had accomplished in his boyish operas; in invention the work was not rich; indeed in melodies worth preserving it was not equal to "The Uncle from Boston," for in the whole course of the rehearsals I learned to like no melody so well as several in that earlier work. One song from "Camacho's Wedding" was afterwards included by Felix in his second book of Songs;* but it has remained the least of a favorite with all singers, and clearly shows the still unripe standpoint of the composer for direct passionate expression.

To confess these observations then would have been very unseasonable; but upon one point, the musical treatment of Don Quixote, I fell into dispute with Felix, because he attached great importance to it. Throughout the whole opera, every expression of Don Quixote, intended to illustrate his knighterrantry, was introduced by a heroic and imposing *entree* of trombones. Real heroism could not have been heralded with more dignity. But here, where the point was to indicate one befooled with the notion of knighterrantry,—although a respectable and honest fool,—here, in my opinion, the *entree* ought—through the choice and combination of instruments perhaps—to characterize this crazy knighthood ironically.† Felix on the contrary maintained that: The Knight of the Rueful Countenance *felt* himself entirely a hero and capable of world-subduing deeds; that the composer must express the conviction of the dramatic figure, not his own. I remarked on the other hand, that Cervantes everywhere holds up the humor of outlived knighterrantry in Don Quixote, and that the composer ought to follow the poet; moreover, that no representative of the old knight of La Mancha would ever play him as a real hero, but only as a crack-brained fool, who dreams himself a knight; and how would this chime with the high idea of him announced by the trombones of the orchestra?

The pregnant theme was discussed at great length, and I was struck by the fact that Felix's father took his side; perhaps only because it was too late to alter it.

The production of the opera was now to undergo all the chicaneries and fatalities of the theatre. After all sorts of delays, when we finally came to the theatre rehearsals, the singer Blum, to whom the part of Don Quixote had been assigned, was taken ill with jaundice, and the physician demanded his exemption from all active labor.

And now we had to face the question, whether the study should be broken off and the opera postponed for four or six weeks, and the rehearsals be begun anew after the recovery of the invalid. This would have been the right thing for the success of the work. But people had become impatient; who knew what other hindrances

* "Einmal aus seinen Blicken," &c.

† Mendelssohn in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* music has introduced something analogous in the *fanfare*, at "Hall!" "Hall!" by Cobweb, Mustard-seed and Peas-blossom.

might still arise? But Blum promised to work with them the best he could until the last moment fixed by the physician for beginning the treatment; and so they could count upon the possibility of two performances. Accordingly it was resolved to put the opera through. As a parting blessing, the chorus director also brought up difficulties, protested against the day fixed, and declared that the choruses were not yet sure enough. The open hand of the father put this difficulty aside; but other hindrances pertaining to the repertoire delayed the first performance until the termination of Blum's cure, the 29th of April, and cut off all possibility of any repetition.

The opera was not given in the Opera House, but in the Schauspiel-haus; its modest size appeared to Felix better suited to the nature of the work. The house was filled to overflowing with well-wishers, and therefore the applause was zealous and tumultuous; but in a hearty sense the opera did not please. It was the same with the young composer; he had outgrown this music now for nearly two years; he felt so ill-assured regarding the applause, that he ran away before the close of the performance, and when the public called him out, I was obliged to go out and excuse him.

While the family enjoyed the seeming success, Felix remained out of humor and dissatisfied, but would not talk about it. When the Don Quixote was restored to health, new hindrances arose; the superiors showed their usual indifference, and when they finally spoke to Felix himself of a resumption of the opera, he answered in his peevish way: "That is the affair of the general-Intendence, not mine." After that, of course, the thing was out of the question.

A malicious criticism—only in Saphir's *Schnellpost* to be sure—also wounded Felix. He then already felt, what he often said to me afterwards: that the most splendid praise in the first of journals does not gladden one so much as the most contemptible abuse in some low and dirty sheet annoys him. Moreover he soon found out that the author of the abusive article was a very musically gifted student, who had found a friendly reception in Mendelssohn's house, had shared all the excitement of the family during the preparation of the performance, and who even knew the score of the opera.

This chain of most contrary experiences pressed the first sting of aversion to the state of things in Berlin into Felix's soul.

Later, after the excitement about it had passed over, I asked him to consider: Whether the structure of the opera itself had not had a great part in that strangely adverse concatenation of circumstances? He half coincided, brought up this and that, but ended with saying: "The opera was not so bad, that one need have dealt so *malhonnêt* with it." In that I surely could not contradict him.

But these occurrences were in no way destined to repress his creative energy; on the contrary, it took a genial upward impulse at this moment of his life. He wrote his Overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream;"* in No-

* As we are still further indebted to Mendelssohn for the introduction of such character-pieces, in the "*Meerestille*," "*Hebrides*," and "*Meisina*," it seems a pity that he did not give them this name, or that of orchestral fantasies, or something else, for the name Overture does not answer to them. He has done this later with his "*Songs without Words*," which after the old custom might have been called *Etudes*.

vember, when Moscheles visited Berlin, he was able to play us the finished composition for four hands with Fanny.

Evidently this character-piece indicates the clarifying crisis in Felix's power of composition. He had shaken off the school dust and was now completely himself. In the conception of a poetical masterwork his characteristic faculty, in one mighty leap of development, had grown astonishingly. In his previous opera compositions he had characterized intelligently and rightly, to be sure; but here the representation was striking and convincing, irresistibly winning the hearer and carrying him away with itself. The Mendelssohn, whom the world possesses now and loves, dates from this composition.

After we had often heard the work played with four hands, and then also in the garden hall with full orchestra—which first placed the intentions of the composer fully in the light—all the friends recognized the epoch-making worth of this creation. Here appeared the live conception, the delicate feeling, the fine appreciation of poetic beauty, the sensibility and the graceful humor of Felix's nature, at once in their full richness:—all peculiarities, which show, that he was eminently called to characteristic, to dramatic music.

His father also recognized the cropping out of self-reliance in the talent of the son, and that henceforth the schoolmaster could only limit and impede him; accordingly he put an end to Zelter's instruction, which made the old gentleman very sensitive, for he still thought that Felix had learned all from him and had not yet outgrown his guidance.

Marx, who had a short time before been introduced into the Mendelssohn house, said: "Zelter has seen the fish swim, and imagines that he taught him." But Felix, in his tender piety, was troubled by the teacher's sensitiveness, and sought to compensate him by redoubled tokens of respect and honor.

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Concluded from page 396.)

After dinner, I generally smoked a cigar with Rossini. For some little time he has cultivated the noble art of smoking, having been compelled, on account of his health, to give up taking snuff, a practice of which he was most passionately fond. As he one evening offered me a regalia, with a magnanimity repeated every day, he observed:

"These cigars were first made for Ferdinand VII., after whom they are named."

"The King was a man of delicate taste," I replied, luxuriously drawing from the cigar a thick cloud of smoke.

"He used to smoke all day long," said Rossini. "On the occasion of my making a short trip to Madrid with Aguado, I had the honor of being presented to him. He was smoking, when he received me, in the presence of the Queen. His exterior was not extraordinarily attractive, or even clean. After the interchange of a few phrases, he offered me, in a most friendly manner, a cigar already smoked away, but I declined with a bow, and did not accept it. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina, in a low voice, and good Neapolitan; 'It is a mark of favor that does not fall to every body's lot.' 'Your majesty,' I replied, in the same manner, (I had known her formerly in Naples) 'in the first place, I do not smoke, and in the second, I would not, under the circumstances, answer for the result.' The Queen laughed, and my audacity was attended with no evil consequences."

"It was at any rate a mark of favor that had its drawbacks," I observed.

"The freer from any drawback was the concession evinced towards me by Don Francisco, the king's brother," continued Rossini. "Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find in him an ardent admirer, and recommended me to go to him, immediately after my audience with the king. I found him playing, and with only his wife; I believe that one of my operas was lying open on the table. After a short conversation, Don Francisco turned towards me, in the most friendly manner, and said he had to beg a particular favor of me. 'Allow me,' he said, 'to sing the air of Assur to you, only dramatically.' Rather astonished, I sat down to accompany him on the piano, and was not quite sure what he meant, when he proceeded to the other end of the room, struck a theatrical attitude, and then to the great amusement of his wife, began to sing the air, with all kinds of movements and gestures. I must confess I never witnessed anything like it."

"How you are to be envied, maestro!" I exclaimed. "Not only did you have Pasta and Malibran, but even a descendant of Henry IV. to interpret your works. But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I did so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill, and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi would have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

"Do you think so highly of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, then?" I inquired. "It is true that I never heard it performed, but on looking through it, I found I was more pleased with certain details than with the work as a whole."

"I once had it performed in Naples, and it produced an admirable impression," said Rossini. "But there must be two good voices; they must sing it well, and even elevate, by nobleness of expression, certain antiquated passages. The original simple instrumentation must be retained too. Lately, it was given by large choruses, and with modern instrumentation, somewhere or other, but where I do not know—that is a very great mistake."

"It always appeared to me," said I, "that Pergolesi enjoyed a celebrity which was rather exaggerated. He died young, it is true. There are plenty of persons, too, who confound him with Palestrina, and who know as little of the one as of the other. Is there anything in the *Serva Padrone*, so often mentioned?"

"O, yes," replied Rossini, singing me a number of motives out of that old opera, without entering into any further explanations.

"There is a certain amount of sensitiveness in Pergolesi's compositions, I must allow," I resumed; "and I must say that, the more I advance in years, the more I incline to what is simple and expressive. This is a remarkable fact!"

"Not at all remarkable," replied the maestro; "the feeling will grow on you more and more."

"Youth should properly be the season for sensations of this description," I replied.

"In youth," said Rossini, "we like and do a great deal, because it appears new and unusual. But the heart is developed in domestic life, and in love of children, in more mature years—you will find I am right."

"I am quite willing to believe it, my dear maestro!" said I. "The great influence that our mode of life, and those by whom we are surrounded, exerts upon us, even as artists, will be denied by no one."

"I, at least," said Rossini, "was always dependent, in the highest degree, upon external influences. The different cities in which I wrote, excited me in different ways; I adapted myself, also to the peculiar tastes which predominated among the audiences of this or that place. For

instance, in Venice they could never have enough of my *crescendo*, and I, therefore, scattered it about, although I myself was tired of it. In Naples, I was able to lay it one side; the people there did not even like it.

"Have you been present as a calm spectator, to many representations of your works?" I inquired of the maestro.

"Behind the scenes, I have been so often enough, but never in the front of the house," replied Rossini.

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"I had a lesson in this particular, which spoils my taste for it," answered Rossini. "One evening, I was invited, in Milan, to go to a friend's house, to a *Risotto*. It was rather too early, and, as we passed the Scala where my *Pietra di Paragone* was being performed, my host dragged me, almost in spite of myself, into the pit. A trio—one of the best pieces of the opera—was just being sung; but my neighbors, far from being edified by it, amused themselves by abusing me and my music in the most atrocious manner, not giving me credit for a single redeeming point. I did not feel any inclination to receive any further lessons of this description, for, in such cases, you may take the part of any one, yourself excepted."

"This *Pietra di Paragone* has played rather an important part in your life, then, for, if I am not mistaken, you are indebted to it for your exemption from the conscription," said I.

"Certainly, I was singled out to be a soldier, and there was no possibility of getting off, as I was the proprietor of a house. But what a proprietor! My castle brought me in forty lire annually. But the success of the opera rendered the general, commanding in Milan, favorably inclined towards me—he applied in my behalf to King Eugene, who was absent at the time, and I was left to a more peaceable occupation."

"But one which is, perhaps, not less wearing," said I.

"A *fiasco* is not a cannon ball," replied the maestro, "and there are plenty of people who grow old at the business."

One day, as I was playing something to Rossini, he begged me, as usual, to play one or two of Bach's fugues.

"These ancient fugues!" he subsequently exclaimed, in a comically-angry tone. "When I was at the Liceo, in Bologna, I became acquainted with the overture to the *Zauberflöte*. My head became so full of it, that I determined on attempting a similar *opus*. I set to work, wrote a fugued overture, and had it copied out and played. But, when I heard it, I was so furious at the effect of my patchwork that I tore up the score and parts into a thousand pieces, in presence of my school-fellows and audience."

"That was a most hasty step, maestro," said I. "The work would have afterwards been a great source of amusement to you."

"A man has always something better to do than to busy himself with past follies," answered Rossini.

"Talking of these fugues," I observed, "reminds me of your Raimondi, lately deceased. He must have been a perfect wizard. To write two oratorios, which could be performed after each other, and next to each other, and simultaneously, was of itself wonderful, supposing there was not even any confusion."

"He was really very skilful in such artifices," said Rossini, and tried his hand at the most adventurous combinations. On the other side, his theatrical music was bad and wearisome, and it was only with his last work, *Ventaglio*, that he was at all successful. While I was in Naples, I procured for him an appointment in the theatre, in order to give him an opportunity of earning something—he had to superintend and arrange the ballet music—a melancholy occupation for a real musician. He subsequently obtained an honorable post in the Liceo at Palermo, but did not go on well too long anywhere."

"A passionate lover of music, in Cologne," said I, "applied to Raimondi, after the performance of his oratorio in Rome, and inquired whether it

were possible to obtain a copy. Raimondi demanded the *bagatelle* of 60,000 francs. Its success must have turned his brain."

"I should not be surprised if it had," said Rossini; "he had never possessed two piastres at one and the same time, and never obtained such a triumph before."

We were interrupted by a most graceful French lady, who was introduced to the maestro, and, in the course of conversation, thanked him enthusiastically for all the hours of enjoyment his music had already procured her. It is true that such scenes occurred every day, but the warmth with which a great many persons gave utterance to their feelings was, at times, something really touching.

"In spite of your being used to this sort of thing, maestro," said I, "the manner in which people meet you here must be highly agreeable to you."

"Marks of attention which come from the heart have certainly something satisfactory about them," said Rossini.

"It must be confessed," observed I, "that the French possess, in the highest degree, the gift of manifesting their respect for celebrated men in the most amiable manner."

"Certainly," replied the maestro, "if they could but make one a few less compliments, and speak to a man less about his own works. But this is a thing they cannot give up, from persons of the highest rank down to the *conciërge*. I think I never met a Frenchman who did not ask me which of my operas I liked best. You can imagine how little I am the man to enter upon a discussion of this kind. The French are friendly and appreciating, but, at times, somewhat too kind."

"Do you prefer the Italian fashion?" I inquired.

"In Italy, the people are distinguished by a noble indifference," answered Rossini; "but, on this side, also, you may be too kind."

"You certainly have no cause for complaint either on this side of the Alps, or on the other, maestro," said I, laughing; "and yonder comes also a proud son of Albion who adores you—he was telling me yesterday about the evening he first heard your music, and saw you, and the tears stood in his eyes the while."

"I have experienced from Englishmen," said Rossini, "marks of attention which are not to be met with every day. For instance, I shall never forget the behavior of the Duke of Devonshire towards me."

"What did he say, maestro?" inquired I.

"On my way to London, I was stopping for a day in Milan," said Rossini. "The Duke of Devonshire happened to be there also; and an acquaintance of mine, who was about going to see the Duke, would not be contented until I accompanied him, although my travelling costume was not adapted for figuring in the drawing-room of an English nobleman. The Duke, a great lover of music, overwhelmed me with politeness; we dined together, and after dinner, he sang him two or three songs."

"That was a bad time for doing so," said I.

"According to what singers say," replied the maestro, "it was, but I must confess I have never sung more willingly and better than after a good dinner. But to return to the Duke—I must add that he gave me the most powerful letters of recommendation, which were highly serviceable to me in London. He himself was not in England during my stay there."

"All you have hitherto related is but very natural, my dear maestro," said I.

"A little patience, *mio caro*," continued Rossini. "Twenty years had elapsed since the period in question, without my having again met the Duke. One morning, very early, I go to the market at Bologna. You must know that there is nothing like the market at Bologna. It is impossible to form any conception of the various productions garnered up there, and one of my favorite occupations was to lounge about the place. To my great astonishment, I perceive, stuck in the middle of the square, a gentleman, very comfortably smoking his cigar. I approach, and the moment he

perceives me, he stretches out his hand in a quiet friendly manner, to shake hands with me. It was the Duke of Devonshire. 'I am very glad that I have seen you here; I intended calling on you in an hour or two,' said he, 'I know your residence and your habits.' We chatted good-humoredly together for some time. I accompanied him to his hotel, and he subsequently paid me the visit he had announced. 'I am still greatly in your debt,' said he, on taking leave, 'and up to the present time have found no opportunity of taking my revenge.' With these words, he handed me an extremely valuable snuff box. It was most assuredly far less the costliness of the present, than the uncommon attention on the part of the donor, which afforded me great pleasure. To pay a supposed debt, and in such a way, after the lapse of twenty years! and it was not he who was under an obligation to me, but I to him."

"That depends upon how you look upon the matter," said I.

"At any rate, the behavior of the Duke was that of a nobleman, in the best acceptance of the word. But it is fated that we shall not chat uninterrupted to-day; yonder comes an elegant *pianiste compositeur*, who has certainly got his eye upon you."

"I only trust that he does not wish to play me a *fantasia* on motives from my own operas," said Rossini, "for nothing in the world wearies me so much as jingling of this description; added to which, you are expected to express your thanks, at the conclusion, for the honor done you."

The storm that threatened the maestro passed quietly by. It was, however, the last evening he spent at Trouville. On the following morning he left the place. I accompanied him to his carriage, and although I was to see him again in a few days in Paris, my heart felt moved, as he drove off.

"I expect you on Friday to dinner, *caro Ferdinando*," he called out to me.

"Friday and every other day," exclaimed Madame Rossini.

I returned home, with half-melancholy, half-agreeable feelings of having spent one or two weeks that for me were memorable ones. May the reader of these pages of reminiscences—far too fragmentary, as I now perceive at their conclusion—obtain from them some slight notion of one of the most genial and amiable men of the present century, one who, besides all his other preëminent qualities, possesses the highly laudable virtue of being extremely well-disposed towards the author of these pages.

The Stabat Mater of Various Masters.

Among the innumerable crowd of musicians, who, from the end of the fifteenth century down to the present day, have tried their talents on this song of pain, seven have produced works which have achieved celebrity. These great artists are Josquin Depres, Palestrina, Pergolesi, the Marquis of Ligniville (Prince de Conca), Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. There is nothing more interesting than to compare these works, so different in character, in form, and in the means by which they produce their effects; but, if we separate each one from its own epoch, if we do not thoroughly imbibe the sentiments which inspired the composer, and if we entertained fixed opinions against the tendencies of one school or the other, it is impossible to form an impartial judgment on the subject. If, however, our mind is eclectic, if it makes allowance for the influence of circumstances, and for the aim the artist had in view, we shall have a well-founded opinion of the value of each work, and our judgment will be impartial, for eclecticism is enlightened impartiality.

Behold me, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Josquin Depres, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone, without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing had just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Josquin, the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer; his mission was simply to impart to this prayer a calm and devout character. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary, have nothing relating to human sentiments; it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see, therefore, in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required: the pure

sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices on the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant, in long sustained notes, and, upon this theme, the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of entries, rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voice, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Josquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical compositions was still the same, but art had improved in form, and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect, by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter, alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour. . . . And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent." It is a sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "Stabat Mater," and to which the second sings the words "Juxta Crucem," are something horrible, something barbarous, which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations that their succession engenders. It is something out of Palestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony. But Palestrina required an accent of horror, and, as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony, unknown during his life, it was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wishes to express seizes the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words, "O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!" It predominates up to the end of the work, and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolese there was a period of one hundred and fifty years; art was transformed; a new system of tonality had arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown; and instrumental coloring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer. Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy; but powerful combinations were repugnant to it; it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only. He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force. His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition; we do not find the powerful effect of choruses employed in it; a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts, a tenor and a bass, with the organ. The work is not always equal; two numbers are weak in their conception; but what touching sadness there is in the others! It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen on Pergolese's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolese has always moved an audience; its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the connoisseur not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater*. The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas, is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it. Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Savior was no human grief. We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished. This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music; a few formulae of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the *Stabats* which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much. His *Stabat*, a charming "Salve, Regina," and a "Dixit Dominus," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavor to portray sentiments above human nature, nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably. Three voices, sometimes all similar, as in the first verse, sung by three sopranos, and as in "Quæ merebat et dolebat," for three contraltos, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano, contralto, and bass, as in the other verses, three voices, I say, without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions. The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent on him to give all his numbers the form of canons, but these combinations are merely accessories, which in no way injure the expression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis, in his work, but with more powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra. The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration; but he has infused into it more melancholy, and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "Cujus animam gementem." Though known only to the erudite in music, and, perhaps, never performed, this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration.

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat*; he made of it a drama, under the form of an oratorio or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the proclivities of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view, and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it. The originality of thought and form, the happy employment of the riches of harmony, and of the combinations of voices and instruments, such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work; we must, more especially, take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself, this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("Stabat Mater"); in the tenor air "Cujus animam gementem"; in the quartet ("Sancta Mater"); and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism; it is, at the present day, justly classed among his finest works.

Ferri, Sen.

Pitch.

(From the London Musical World).

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Mr. Sims Reeves sent a letter to the *Athenæum*, briefly stating his resolve not to sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society while the present high pitch is maintained, and—presto!—the whole musical world was in a blaze. Not only musical men and musical journals, but even the grave editors of ponderous dailies have been affected, and have discoursed learnedly of "vibrations" and the "diapason." As the discussion promises to wax hotter and hotter, we purpose telling our readers, in words few and plain, what it is all about.

First, we must state that the agitation has for its object the lowering of our present diapason—that is to say, it wants any given note—A, for example—made flatter, the whole scale, of course, being depressed in proportion. The reduction claimed appears not to exceed a semi-tone. Here it ought to be pointed out that within the last century the pitch in common use has grown sharper and sharper. There is no disputing this, because half-a-dozen independent proofs are ready to hand—such as, for instance, the testimony of old instruments, and—which is hardly less conclusive—of old scores; the observation of numerous witnesses in various parts of Europe; and, most convincing of all, the report of a French Imperial commission, numbering among its members Rossini, Auber and Meyerbeer, which investigated the whole matter some ten years ago. It must be granted that we have here a strong argument in favor of the reform sought, and those who advocate that reform are not slow to urge it. The diapason which satisfied the great masters of music, which contented Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, may, we are told, be safely adopted once more. As to the reason why the pitch has been thus raised various statements are made, and it is important that the truth should be ascertained. In a letter published during last week by Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace, a cause is assigned which by no means satisfies us. Mr. Manns traces the evil to certain natural laws, notably to the effect produced upon stringed instruments by

the heated air of concert rooms. We shall not enter minutely into his argument, because there appears to us a fatal objection on the very threshold. The causes he points out have been, are now, and always will be, in operation, and we are, therefore, driven to the conclusion, in no way supported by testimony, that the pitch has been always rising, that it must inevitably rise, and that the operation of setting back will be periodical. We prefer to Mr. Manns' conjecture the opinion of the French commission as embodied in its report. After an elaborate inquiry, the eminent men already named acquitted both composers and singers of any complicity in pitch-elevation (about the laws of nature they said nothing), but charged the matter distinctly upon the makers and players of instruments, to whom the brilliancy resulting from a high diapason has been a most enticing will-o'-the-wisp. In support of this they mentioned an occurrence which took place in Vienna some years ago. When the late Emperor Nicholas was appointed colonel of an Austrian regiment he ordered a set of new instruments for its band, and the maker, with an eye to effect, raised the pitch materially. So much brilliancy resulted, that every other maker followed suit. As a matter of course, the orchestral strings were compelled to put themselves in agreement. Here we have a distinct, intelligible, and sufficient reason for the evil sought to be removed—brilliancy has done it all.

The question now presents itself—ought the pitch to be lowered? The balance of testimony is immensely in favor of an affirmative reply. The French commission was emphatic on the point. The most eminent musical authorities of Europe are agreed about it, and the vast majority of vocalists are prepared to welcome a change as one of the greatest boons that could be offered them. We shall assume, therefore, that the desirability of a lower pitch is proved and admitted. Here we come face to face with another question—What shall the reduction be? The answer to this is not so obvious, and already it has caused a split in the reformers' camp. On the one hand are those who say "Let us adopt the normal diapason of France. The reduction—very nearly a semitone—is sufficient, and by making no more and no less we establish uniformity with what will very soon be the common diapason of the European Continent." In opposition to this there are others who tell us: "An adoption of the French pitch is next to impracticable, because of the enormous expense it would entail. New wind instruments would be imperative, organs would have to be retuned at a very large cost, and all for what?—uniformity with the Continent, the difference between half-a-tone reduction which we propose and the French pitch being scarcely appreciable. Our plan, on the contrary, is easy and inexpensive." In what the easiness and economy of a half-tone reduction consists Mr. Manns has shown by means of the letter referred to above. We give his own words:—"In the event of a full half-tone being adopted, the expense to musicians, musical societies, military bands, organ-builders, wood and brass instrument makers, would be reduced to its minimum, because, as already pointed out, most of the existing instruments could be utilized, and the material already shaped or finished off for instruments being made could be altered without important loss or trouble." A striking illustration of the facility thus indicated (and fully explained in other portions of Mr. Manns' letter) was supplied by the National Choral Society's performance on Wednesday last. At short notice, and without much trouble or expense, the *Creation* was given at a pitch half a tone lower than usual. The stringed instruments were, of course, easily managed, a little contrivance adapted the wind to the new diapason, and, as the pipes of the organ could not be shifted for one performance, the part for that instrument was transposed. What was done on this occasion can be done at any other time, and the advantage sought is obtained with one minimum of trouble. The question, therefore, resolves itself into one of expediency. As a matter of principle, other things being equal, we should prefer to see the French pitch adopted. Uniformity on such a matter is desirable for many and obvious reasons. Besides, although the difference between the *diapason normal* and a half-tone reduction is very small, still there is a difference, and that, probably, on the right side, there being a question whether the half tone is not too great a drop. On the other hand, if it can be shown that the French pitch is so expensive a thing as to be next to unattainable, we shall be ready to help on the reduction advocated by Mr. Manns as far as in us lies. One or the other course, it is clear, must be adopted, and, the difference being slight, wisdom suggests that which is less inconvenient.

A good deal has been said about the effect of a lowered diapason upon performances. This, also,

was tested on Wednesday night by Mr. Martin's society, and we must candidly own that at the outset our impression was decidedly unfavorable. The music seemed dull and flat to an unexpected degree. But as the ear got accustomed to the depression this result passed off, and before the close we were inclined to regard the experiment as a success. Certain of the wind instruments—trumpets and horns, for example—came out with unwonted power, the choruses gained in solidity and lost much of the painful screaming observable on former occasions, and the principal singers were able to give their high notes with an ease pleasant to witness. So far the trial was satisfactory, but as more data will come to hand a final decision is unadvisable at present. Our hope is that musical people will work together in the matter as far as possible, and eventually come to some general understanding, otherwise the present movement will result in a general muddle, every concert-giver having his own pitch, pinning his faith to, and guiding his practice by a certain number of vibrations in which nobody else believes.

THADDEUS EGG.

[From Once a Week].

Christmas Music.

Commemorative works of art rarely acquire lasting repute. This remark applies to works on poetry, painting and music alike. Dryden says somewhere in one of his dedications, the servile character of which is so unworthy of his genius, that "the priests of Apollo have not inspiration when they please, but must wait until the god comes rushing on them and invades them with a fury which they are not able to resist;"—in which modest allusion to his own case, he accounts for the inferiority of poems written to order. And so with paintings. No coronation picture—battle-piece—hardly any representation on canvas of an historical incident, painted at the time of its occurrence, possesses that worth which belongs to a pictorial illustration of the same subject in which the memory, and, consequently, the imagination, of the artist are of necessity brought into play. If it be thus with commemorative poetry and painting, music made to order is still more transient in its popularity than either. Of all the national anthems ever composed there are but two—"God Save the Queen" and "Gott erhalte den Kaiser"—which still fulfil the object for which they were originally intended. Others owe their celebrity to accident, and are constantly in jeopardy of being superseded. Incidental music of all kinds, triumphal marches, songs, choruses, and overtures, composed for special occasions, are neglected and forgotten as soon as they have served their turn.

Such, however, is not the case when certain music, by chance, has become identified with certain recurring events. Carols, for instance, are associated with Christmas, although they are equally appropriate to many other festivals of the church. They seem to have a charmed existence, and some magic association with the anniversary of the Nativity. Their use at Easter and Whitsuntide has been discontinued, until the word carol is, at last, almost inseparable from the time of year at which these tunes are now sung.

According to Dr. Rimbault, "the practice of carol-singing is of great antiquity, and may be traced back to the time of the early Christians. The custom is referred to both by St. Paul and St. James; and Pliny the younger, in his letter to Trajan, respecting the Christians, A. D. 107, says: "They were wont to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately to Christ as to God." The term carol, continues Dr. Rimbault, appears originally to have signified songs intermingled with dancing, or a sort of divertissement, and it is used in that sense in "Le Roman del la Rose," and by Chaucer and other old writers. It was afterwards applied to festive songs, and these became prevalent during Christmas: it has, for a long time past, designated (though not exclusively) those sung during that feast. Then again, the melody known as the "Christmas Hymn," although of foreign origin, is so identified with the Protestant church service of the particular day, that its omission is most unusual and causes serious disappointment. No more impressive effect can be made by sweet sounds than is produced by this pure and simple melody, elevating as it does the thoughts of all listeners, and recalling by its associations with home, the circumstances of the past.

But music written exclusively for the festive season affords no exception to the observations I have made on music composed for special occasions. Christmas music of any importance is, on the contrary, very scarce. I do not, of course, allude to carols and hymns, which are plentiful. By Christmas music I mean such musical compositions as cor-

respond in importance to Correggio's "Night," Raphael's "Holy Family," and other celebrated paintings. Musical works of that standard of excellence having reference to the Nativity are rare.

Handel's "Messiah" stands first on the list; although not composed expressly as such, it is Christmas music in every sense of the word. It is so well known that any description of it here would be quite superfluous. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the incidental pastoral symphony, that is worth notice. It has been frequently asserted that Handel was indebted for the subject of this movement to older writers, and many sources from which it originated have been mentioned. "But, singularly enough," says an authority in antiquarian matters, "all those who have examined the original MS. of the 'Messiah' have overlooked the very point which decides the question." Over the pastoral symphony, Handel himself has written the word "Pif," an abbreviation of Pifferari (pipers), which at once explains its origin. During the festivities of Christmas and of the New Year at Rome, the Pifferari or Calabrian peasants perform a kind of mendicant pilgrimage to the principal shrines of the Eternal City, before which they chant their traditional hymns or melodies, which, having descended unaltered from century to century, are, in the opinion of the Romans themselves, as ancient as the time of Romulus—if, indeed, they be not derived from a still earlier period. This simple melody, which is noted in a MS. collection of ancient hymns in 1630, was probably thus listened to by Handel when he was at Rome in 1709, and afterwards fashioned into the pastoral symphony.

Next comes a Christmas oratorio by Sebastian Bach, one of the finest compositions of the old contrapuntist. It is a sacred lyric drama in six parts or acts. Each part is complete in itself, and yet forms an essential portion of the whole. The text, taken from St. Luke ii. 1 to 21, and St. Matthew ii. 1 to 12, has been freely handled by the German poet. Although unquestionably that which has been designated intellectual music, the expression of joy and gladness is unmistakable throughout the work, which, however, contains less fugue writing than might be expected from a master whose speciality was that abstruse branch of the art.

No fewer than eleven pieces out of the sixty-four, of which the Christmas oratorio consists, were transferred by Bach from other compositions of his own—an example followed by Handel some eight years later, when writing the "Messiah." The different parts of the oratorio are intended for performance on certain days during Christmas time. The work itself is a remarkable instance of the fate of occasional music, being rarely heard in its native land, and nearly unknown elsewhere. One or two of the detached pieces are sometimes performed in the German churches, especially the chorale:

Brich an, o schönes Morgenlicht.

The original MS. is in the Imperial library at Berlin, where it lies like some sculptured block of granite, covered with the dust of ages, an enduring monument of the genius of him who shaped it. It bears a superscription in Bach's own hand writing:—

ORATORIUM

Tempore Nativitatis Christi. FERIA I.

Jauchzet, Frohlocket, Aufpreiset.

A 4 voci, 3 trombe, tamburi, 2 traversi, 2 hautb., 2 violini, viola e continuo, dl

Joh: Seb: Bach.

to which a note is added by C. Ph. E. Bach, to the effect that the work was composed in 1734, in the fiftieth year of the musician's age. The oratorio has, within the last few years, been published by the Bach Society of Berlin in full score, and in a form similar to the publications of the London Handel Society.

A sacred cantata of recent date, having for its subject the incidents of the Nativity, is "L'Enfance du Christ," by Hector Berlioz, a strict classic in his way, whose music has not yet been universally accepted. It is admired enthusiastically by a devout few; but to others the absence of melodic rhythm, and general uncomfortable character of the music (if such a word can be applied aesthetically), do not atone for the great resources of the composer as a master of the art of instrumentation.

There is no musician more capable of arranging the works of others for the orchestra—no more able critic—than Hector Berlioz; but as a composer, his time for being appreciated by those who love pure and passionate music has either not yet come, or is already past. The cantata "L'Enfance du Christ," is called a sacred trilogy, being divided into three parts. Part I. King Herod's Dream. Part II. The Flight into Egypt. Part III. The Coming to Sais. It contains solos and concerted pieces for soprano, tenors, basses, and baritone. The night-march, with which the first part commences is impressive; but Herod's Song (*andante misterioso*) vague, and either

so profound or so meaningless as to be beyond the power of an ordinary mind to understand, is a fair type of the prevailing character of the whole work. To borrow a comparison from the sister art, the outlines of the music lack precision, and the effect produced is consequently bewildering and unsatisfactory.

The text of the sacred trilogy has been translated from the French by Mr. Chorley, whose English version is called "The Holy Family." Considering its subject, and the reputation of the composer for classic severity, some of the stage directions for performance are, to say the least, remarkable. Thus, in scene the sixth, the Chorus of Angels is directed to be sung "in a room near the orchestra, the door of which should be left open;" and further on, "the door of the room is to be closed." Then, it is said, "if the work is executed in a theatre, the chorus should be placed so as to have a curtain before them. This should be let down to the level of their heads at the beginning of this finale, in order that, by letting it fall completely, the sound may be softened. Further, for the due effect of the last five bars, the chorus should turn round, and sing them *from not to the public*, to produce the utmost pianissimo possible." That such stage directions as these should be deemed necessary by a composer, shows, at least, a want of confidence in his work. They are puerile in the extreme, and assuredly inconsistent with the great literary and artistic reputation Hector Berlioz so deservedly enjoys.

Amongst the English musicians who have composed anthems and other short pieces for Christmas are Purcell, Pearsall, Goss, Elvey, Hopkins, Hatton and others. A goodly collection of these occasional compositions is contained in Novello's excellent publication the *Musical Times*. They are principally settings of words taken from Holy Writ. Gounod has this year added to their number. His contribution, in the form of a chorus and soli for female voices, is a capital specimen of his peculiar style of harmony and vocal effects.

Secular Christmas music is even scarcer than that of a sacred character. The social festival has not been chosen as the subject for an elaborate musical work, except by Macfarren, who, in his cantata called "Christmas," consisting of choruses, songs, and a duettino, has written some truly English music to celebrate the jollity of Merry England at this season of the year. The poem of the cantata is by John Oxenford, and contains some hearty verse, full of healthy thought and genuine sentiment, poetically expressed. One of the principal features of the cantata is a chorus in F minor, the melody of which is an old carol arranged in a most masterly manner. The well-known tune is sung at first in unison by all the voices, and then in simple harmony—such harmony as many who have treated the same carol would do well to study. When the tune is next introduced it is instrumentally accompanied in 6-4 time—a dashing spirited accompaniment to the melody which goes on in common time. Nothing can be more effective than the contrast this affords—a contrast and effect obtained by the simplest means, and yet most splendidly characteristic. It is one of the happiest combinations of the thoughtful musician. Of the songs, that for the bass voice is the least pleasing. It relates a story which is too long, and of but little interest. The sustained choral harmonies are somewhat misplaced, and do not relieve the monotony of the song. On the other hand a canon for the soprano is a very gem of inspiration, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to all who take delight in charming musical phrases, albeit some of the phrases may not be quite original. The duettino is quaint, and may, without disparagement, be said to be in the style of Offenbach. The first few bars are just those which the sprightly foreigner would have written to the same words. A jovial, rollicking finale, purely English in its nature, brings the cantata to a close. The work bears the indelible stamp of a very able musician's hand throughout. As an important specimen of secular Christian music, it stands alone, and as combining intrinsic excellence with the elements of nationality, it is music such as probably no other English composer but Macfarren could have produced.

In this discussion we have apparently descended two ladders of musical fame. Placing Handel on the topmost rung of one we stepped to Bach, and then, precipitately we fell to Hector Berlioz, from whose position to that of the sacred anthem writers, the progression was easy and agreeable. On the other sliding scale we find Macfarren occupying the most prominent position, holding a wreath of holly and mistletoe aloft, with no one near him to share the trophy or wrest it from his grasp. Below, on the ground around our musical Parnassus, Christmas musicians innumerable are at work, some in churches, some in theatres, others in the streets, all trying to turn the merry season to some account. They

care not what noise they make, nor how appropriate or otherwise is the clamor raised. Some in the churches are ambitious, and discarding the simple tunes so well known, and so dear to their congregations, give forth new-fangled compositions of their own, as destitute of the charms of association as of the merits of good harmony; some in the theatres set their fiddlers to play vulgar songs and horrible medleys, which distract the ears of many and degrade the taste of all. More terrible still, those in the streets arouse quiet neighborhoods with the most discordant noises at the dead of night. These, one and all, disgrace the art, and few indeed make that which is worthy of being called Christmas music.

Music Abroad.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Of the concerts since Christmas we find a *resumé* in the *Saturday Review*, Jan. 23, from which we take the following:

The return of Herr Joachim, whose yearly visit is now the most interesting event of the London musical season, has, if possible, caused greater excitement than at any former season. A lover of display—like Franz Liszt, the pianist, for example (a dozen Rubinstein and Tausigs in one), or Paganini himself—on such an occasion as that of his first appearance before a London public, would have induced the director of the concert at which he was to appear so to arrange the programme that the "virtuoso" should be all in all and the music nothing. But Herr Joachim is made of different stuff. Not only did he abstain from any "solo" exhibition whatever, but he selected for his *résumé* (we must use a French term) one of those divine quartets by Mozart, and another of those divine quartets by Haydn, in which the music itself is the sole passport to distinction, and the only way to shine is to shine through its influence—the great quartet in C of Mozart, and the best of Haydn's quartets in the key of B flat. And how Herr Joachim played in them we shall no more attempt to describe than we shall attempt to describe the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was received by an audience that crowded St. James's Hall in every part. But the quartets were not the only performances of Herr Joachim. He also played, with Mme. Arabella Goddard, the last, the most original, and the most beautiful, of the ten sonatas composed by Beethoven for pianoforte and violin—the one in G, Op. 96. So perfectly was this executed, by both artists—and no two artists were ever better matched, Mme. Goddard being not less consummate a mistress of her instrument than Herr Joachim of his—that the audience, charmed alike by the music and the performance, called them back twice in succession at the end. Not the least remarkable feature of this interesting concert was Mme. Goddard's performance of Schubert's solo sonata in D, one of the three before which Schumann—who, had he possessed Schubert's genius, might have been greater than Schubert—was lost in admiration. Here again came forth the irrepressible musical hero of the time; and here, let us own, he came with a power not to be denied.

Herr Joachim's two other appearances have been no less interesting than his first. At the second, he led Cherubini's fine quartet in E flat, first of the only three works of the kind known to have proceeded from the composer of *Medea*, *Les Deux Journées*, *Fuiska*, and other dramatic masterpieces, not to speak of church music that few but the highest masters have equalled—that illustrious Florentine whom Schumann compares with Dante. This quartet, for the resurrection of which we are indebted to the spirit of research which has ever distinguished the Monday Popular Concerts, is now readily admitted into the charmed circle hitherto filled up by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, an occasional corner being grudgingly awarded to Spohr. So, not long hence, it is to be hoped, may be admitted its fellow quartets in D minor and C major. Cherubini is one of the few really grand musicians; and whatever he wrote merits consideration and respect. Herr Joachim has also introduced, for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, Mozart's most graceful quartet in B flat, one of the three written expressly for the Court at Berlin, where there was a violoncello player after the composer's own heart. He has led, too, the noble quartet in E minor of Mendelssohn—the second of that "Op. 44" of which the one in D, already mentioned, is the first. Here again one of the most thoroughly Mendelssohnian of the Mendelssohn family of *scherzi* produced its accustomed effect, being rapturously encored. But, perhaps, that for which we have to thank the great Hungarian violinist most heartily is his making the general public acquainted with J.

S. Bach's masterly violin concerto in A minor, which he played at the most recent concert—with accompaniment of double string quartet, an accompaniment quite strong enough for Bach's music—in a style as perfect as Bach himself could possibly have contemplated. That Herr Joachim knew his audience was proved by the result. No work has been more earnestly welcomed since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted; and never was a more unanimous encore awarded to any piece of music than that which followed the *finale* of Bach's concerto—a *finale* in nine-eighth measure, with a theme in the *gigue* style, of which Bach and Handel have left so many vigorous examples, but considerably developed, so as to distinguish it from the ordinary dance movement often met with at the end of their *suites de pièces*.

At the same concert Mr. Charles Hallé made his first appearance for the season, playing Schubert's pianoforte sonata in A major (which he had already played in St. James's Hall), with that wonderful accuracy and neatness for which he has been famous ever since, in 1843, he first paid England the honor of a visit. This work is one of the three sonatas Schubert intended to dedicate to Hummel, but which, Schubert dying, his Vienna publisher, Diabelli, inscribed to Schumann (then an influential musical critic), and which Schumann could never be made to believe were Schubert's last. Their comparative inferiority to the three with which Schumann was so captivated easily accounts for his incredulity; and we are inclined to share his doubt as to the actual period of their composition. Mr. Hallé also joined Herr Joachim in Beethoven's duet-sonata, G major, Op. 30—a capital performance on both hands.

LEIPZIG.—The eleventh Gewandhaus Concert took place on New Year's Day. The programme included, among other compositions, Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and Mozart's Symphony in C major, with the final Fugue. Herr Wilhelm performed the first movement from the violin Concerto of Rubinstein, and the "Oello Fantasia" of Ernst. Mme. Radersdorf was the vocalist.—The General Musical Association of Germany met recently to pay a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Franz Brendel. Dr. Ad. Stern, from Dresden delivered a discourse eulogizing the deceased, and Riedel's Vocal Association sang a motet by Melch. Frank, as well as the hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," arranged by Calvinus.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 27, 1869.

Music at Home.

EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT. The programme this time was peculiar;—perhaps too uniformly (during the larger half) in that romantic watery, tone which we associate with Gade's Symphonies and these two Overtures by Mendelssohn and Bennett.

Overture, "The Hebrides,".....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, in E major, No. 2, (first time).....Gade.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante.—Scherzo and
Finale.

Overture, "The Naiads,".....Bennett.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in G minor.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro con fuoco.—Andante.—Finale.

B. J. Lang.
Short Symphony, in B major, for Strings, two Oboes,
and two Horns (first time).....Haydn.
Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Minuet.—Finale Presto.

There was strong relief, to be sure, in the Mendelssohn Concerto, and a character as different as possible in the quaint little Symphony by Haydn. But that too suffered, as did the whole programme, by the anticlimax in arrangement,—the retiring of a dozen of the musicians in the middle of the concert (to fulfil a distant engagement) making it necessary to place the smaller pieces last, as well as to change one of the Overtures before announced. Still, if not the most effective we have had, the concert was made up of choice and interesting subjects, which were in treatment, if not in order, happily presented.

There could be found nothing better in its way than "The Hebrides,"—no better Overture, no better work in any form, of Mendelssohn's. It was beautifully played, and it was enjoyed in

silence undisturbed. Mendelssohn's friend Devrient, (see our to-day's translation) tells us something about the trumpet call that rings so wildly in it ever and anon.

The new Gade Symphony (No. 2 of the seven) has much of the same wild, seashore, Northern character with the others that we know (in C minor and in B flat). Opinions will be more divided about it than about the first one, which is ever a favorite. We find it, as a whole, a very interesting work, and full of poetry, though not perhaps so smooth and happy always in the working. The first movement was to us less impressive than the others, rather monotonous in its swift pursuing rhythm. A sweet and distant horn passage leads in—at first in slower measure, as in his first Symphony—the sort of hunting theme which forms the staple of the Allegro, whose speed relaxes now and then to give room for a musing episode in a more songful strain. The Andante, opening with mysterious solemn beat in A minor, has some grandly sonorous chords before it swells into a rousing fortissimo in A major, and is altogether an impressive piece. The Scherzo is charming, mingling a couple of quaint, gay melodies together, with different instruments, so that they dance like sun-decks upon parti-colored ground, now and then lingering and dallying together in the fondest manner. The Scherzo protracts itself and leads insensibly into the Finale, of which the leading subject seems to be some old national or people's song, of a strong, heroic character. It is illustrated and varied with surprising art, and the whole movement, full of fantastical and bold effects, sometimes full of beauty, forms, with the Scherzo, which is part and parcel of it, the most interesting portion of the Symphony.

The "Naiads" Overture was interesting to hear so soon after Bennett's other character-piece of the same sort; its delicate beauty, its exquisite finish in detail, were as enjoyable as ever.

Mr. LANG made a sure selection in the G-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, which first and last has been more played here, and by more pianists, than any other Concerto. But it stands ever as one of the noblest of the tribe, and it was well for once to have it in these concerts, inasmuch as we had its pendant in D minor last year. Mr. Lang surpassed his own best mark hitherto in the rendering,—and that is saying a great deal. As nearly perfect technically and in point of taste as we ever think of asking, there was a delicate individuality in the reading which quite harmonized with that of the composition; indeed the whole interpretation had a fine, peculiar glow which made it seem that he was more than usually inspired by the music of his favorite master.

The quaint little miniature Symphony by Haydn, scored for so few instruments, simple in ideas and *alt-meister-ish* in its cut, and in so strange a key—B major—or as the Germans say *H-dur*—is yet a real work of art, and fascinates the more one listens. It sounds almost like a Quartet of chamber music, with the strings multiplied as they sometimes do those things in Paris. It did not prove to be so short as was expected, owing to the unnecessary observance of all the repetition marks,—especially in the Adagio, which is most beautiful and only wearies by the doubling of its already frequent, almost literal repeats. There is life and delicacy in the first movement; and the Minuet, as well as the Finale, are gems,

clear and sparkling. The sudden return of a part of the Minuet in the middle of the Finale is a pleasant fancy, not a grand inspiration as in Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and the coming out again into the 4-4 measure of the Finale is managed with fine tact. Only it ends then so abruptly, and nothing more is made of it! This curious little work, which shows the master's hand as clearly as a greater, was appreciated by many, but not at its full worth, coming as it did perforce after the works more richly scored.

QUARTET MATINEES. The opening performance of the new Quartet party, organized and led by Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN, was highly satisfactory and full of excellent promise. It occurred at Chickering Hall on Friday afternoon, Feb. 12. An audience nearly filling the room, and of the very best character musically and socially, showed what interest is felt in the success of the attempt to supply an important element long missed among our musical opportunities. Certainly a real music-lover needs to hear more violin Quartets. The Concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, few and far between, can hardly give us all we crave. Besides it is well, in so musical a city, to be able to hear more than one group of interpreters; a little emulation may be good for both. Mr. Listemann's party consists, besides himself, of his brother Mr. FRITZ LISTEMANN (second violin), Mr. HENRY HEINDL (viola), and Mr. AUGUST SUCK (violin-cello). In the rendering of their part of the following programme they proved themselves well matched.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4.....Mozart.
Song, "Serenade".....Schubert.
Miss Whitten.

a, Toccata, Op. 7.....Schumann.
b, Etude in C major.....Rubenstein.
Mr. Carlyle Petersilea.
Song, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," from "Idomeneo".....Mozart.
Miss Whitten.

Quartet in A major, Op. 18, No. 5.....Beethoven.

The familiar Quartet of Mozart we have scarcely heard before so smoothly, delicately rendered, with such clear individuality, yet such good blending, of the parts. There was spirit and expression throughout, enough to atone for some slight imperfections. The leader proved himself, as we had confidently hoped, the right man for so fine a function. With his sure intonation, his rare technical facility, and the subtle fire there is in his not very large, but musical and searching tone,—his command too of all shades of expression, which he rarely exaggerates (unless now and then in a slight excess of *portamento* in a *legato* passage), he can infuse a life into his co-workers, as well as keep before them an exacting standard. The middle parts also were excellent; the tenor truly musical in its tone, which is rather a rare thing; and Mr. Suck, we all know, next to Mr. Fries, is unsurpassed among our violin-cellists. Perhaps we may be allowed to say that a little more of positive force and vital accent on the part of the latter instrument seemed desirable in one or two of the spirited variations of the Beethoven Andante. That Quartet, also one of the old favorites, was for the most part very clearly and effectively interpreted. —Verily a good beginning, with so short a time for the four artists to become assimilated!

MISS WHITTEN sang her two songs very beautifully, with chaste and real feeling, particularly the lovely melody of Mozart. Mr. PETERSILEA played the very difficult Toccata of Schumann and the fantastic thing by Rubinstein with all the brilliant execution, the *aplomb*, and the unflagging energy of a pianist fully armed and trained for these exacting tasks.

Of the second Matinée (yesterday) we must speak next time.

(Crowded out last time.)

MR. OSCAR PFEIFFER, a pianist of the modern free school, who has been chiefly known in Southern Europe and in South America, but who has made a

mark these two past winters in New York, gave a couple of concerts in Chickering Hall last week, which were not by any means so well attended as they deserved to be, although the pleasure given to the few at the first drew many more to hear the second. Mr. Pfeiffer is a son of the famous German traveller, Mme. Ida Pfeiffer, and has himself too seen a good deal of the world. He is a modest, refined, gentlemanly person, who understands himself, makes no pretention to what it is not wholly in his heart and power to do, and therefore is more enjoyable than most of the piano-forte virtuosos of the fantasia school. As an executant, his *technique* is admirable, his touch remarkably clear and crisp and vital, and there is no lack of strength or delicacy. There is a certain individuality and freshness about all he does.

With the exception of Weber's E-flat Polonaise and the Scherzo from a Sonata by the same in A flat (both very brilliantly rendered), his selections were of his own compositions or transcriptions. Of the former, an *Etude* in F, and a piece called "Fairy Stories" had delicate charm and freshness. The latter were very cleverly elaborated, extremely difficult transcriptions of Kreutzer's "Nachtlager" overture, and themes from *Ernani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Dinorah*, and it is a long time since anything of that kind has given us so much pleasure.

The concert was enriched by well chosen soprano songs sung by Miss LIZZIE V. GATES, whose smooth, free, rich tones were always acceptable, and who sang with taste and spirit. Rossini's "La Promessa" Canzonet, and "Non è ver," by Mattei, were the Italian pieces. But Franz's "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," and Mendelssohn's "Song of Spring," well suited to her voice and lifesome manner, pleased the most.

The concerts were of more than exemplary shortness, neither of them filling an hour. Mr. PFEIFFER will find friends when he returns to Boston.

Next in Order.

TRIO SOIREEES. We have our series of Quintet and of Quartet concerts, and now we are to have one of Trios—pianoforte with violin and 'cello—a branch of musical literature particularly rich. Our townsman, Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER, than whom we have not a more conscientious, scholarly and high-toned artist, begins this evening, at Chickering Hall, a series of four such soirées; and every one who knows him knows they will be choice, with none but sterling matter in the programmes. For to-night the Trios are Beethoven's No. 3, in C minor, and Schumann's first, in D minor. For piano solos, Mr. Parker will play an *Etude* in A flat by Moscheles and a *Valse* by Hiller. Miss WHITTEN will sing songs by Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Third Chamber Concert next Tuesday evening. The novelty and chief point of interest in the programme is the last (17th) of the Quartets of Beethoven, in F,—the one to the finale of which the composer has prefixed the mysterious title: "*Der schwer gefasste Entschluss*" (the resolution that was hard to form), followed by a grave theme: "*Muss es sein?*" and an Allegro: "*Es muss sein!*" We must all go and try to solve the riddle.

NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT. (Last but one).—Next Thursday is the 4th of March, the day of the inauguration of the new President of the United States. Accordingly the programme has been slightly changed, so as to show some recognition of the day. Besides it has been found impossible to procure the parts for the promised "Alfonso and Estrella" Overture by Schubert. The programme now stands: Part I. Overture to "The Water Carrier," *Cherubini*; Symphony, No. 1, in B flat (first time), *Schumann*.—Part II. Inaugural Overture (*Weihe des Hauses*), op. 124, *Beethoven*; Symphony No. 1, in D, *Mozart*; Wedding March, *Mendelssohn*.

ORATORIOS. The Handel and Haydn Society are redoubling their rehearsals, getting ready to produce Costa's "Naaman" (new in this country) and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Easter, March 28.

Letter from Berlin.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Somebody has said somewhere that in criticizing a work of art one does not think so much of the amount of the artist's knowledge as of his individuality, of what he gives of himself. Not the stupendity of a work as it stands out in bold relief, but the life and soul of the poet who made it appeals most strongly to us. The mastery of the difficulties of technique is but a means to an end, namely, expression. Nowhere more than in music is this expression part and parcel of the artist's own life. How strongly we are reminded of this in Chopin. And do not the noble symphonies of Beethoven—especially the later ones—give us more than a faint idea of the whirl and struggle of his inner life to find expression in those wonderful creations of his genius, the pyramids of orchestral music? A "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage" is the type of Mendelssohn's life and career.

We were reminded of this lately in hearing the "Paradies und Peri" of Schumann. The whole work is so romantic, and one could not but recognize the genius of Schumann throughout. This, his sister composition, "The Rose's Pilgrimage," are enough of themselves to place the name of Schumann on the list of great composers. Both of these lyrical dramas were recently given; the "Peri" by Stern in the Sing-Akademie, and the "Rose" by Schnöpf in Arnim's Hotel. Stern's chorus numbered about three hundred, and was well supported by the Berliner Capelle. The former has been performed but once in Berlin and is quite a novelty. Like the "Rose's Pilgrimage," it is sometimes heard in private circles; but so large a chorus as the Stern society numbers is of course far better calculated to give the hearer an idea of the breadth of the composition. Indeed, for an orchestral accompaniment a strong chorus is indispensable as a sufficient back-ground to the many "*Schumann'sche Uebergänge*," which would otherwise be too prominent as discords.

Like everything else that Stern undertakes, the *Peri* was finely performed. The beautiful and romantic chorus in G major, commencing with "*Schmücke dich*," was exquisitely sung, and with a fineness and unity really artistic. The *Messiah*, on the contrary, given by the Sing-Akademie Society, was a very unsatisfactory performance. Any one who had heard it from our Handel and Haydn Society, in Boston, would have pronounced the performance very inferior. And then who cares to hear the *Messiah*, of all oratorios, without the organ? It is like a picture without tone; and in spite of the Mozart arrangement of the orchestral score, the blank was but too evident, and the very ground-work was gone.

The Quartet Soirées—of pleasant memory—are even better than ever this winter. On the 20th ult. we had for the first concert.

Quartet, E minor, op. 59.....Beethoven.
Quartet, D major.....Haydn.
Quartet, F major, op. 41.....Schumann.

The fostering of quartet music has in Concertmeister de Ahna and his principal assistant, Dr. Bruns, careful artists. With each winter the four players really seem nearer their ideal of purity of intonation and unity of conception. One rarely finds four musicians who have grown into such a musical oneness. The last movement of the Beethoven quartet, so full of humor and romance, was given with an energy and at the same time purity of tone and unity of interpretation seldom equalled, and possible only through long acquaintance of the players. One of De Ahna's pupils, a certain Fräulein Friese, has recently come before the public as a violinist. The young lady is but fourteen years of age, and musicians predict for her a bright future. o.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The *Sun* does not mince matters in speaking out thus boldly about the last concert:

The concert itself was not an interesting one. The simple truth is that Mr. Ole Bull spoilt it. This gentleman has won the universal esteem by his very noble qualities of head and heart, but it is impossible for his most ardent admirers to claim for him any special merit as a composer. Being invited by a Society that has for its object the production of music of the great composers to play for them, one would naturally suppose that a man having the artistic reputation that Ole Bull has gained would have risen to the occasion. He has played inferior compositions before general audiences from one end of the country to the other, and from one end of the year to the other, and the excuse has been, not that he himself did not aspire to greater things, but that the general concert-going public did not care to hear any better. But at last the occasion seemed to have arrived when, if there was in him any true reverence for art, it should have been displayed. An audience thoroughly accustomed to classical music was before him. A noble orchestra, capable of interpreting any work, was there to assist him. The repertoire of the Society contained all the splendid concertos for violin and orchestra that have been given to the world by the great masters. Here was an opportunity when Ole Bull might have emerged from that atmosphere of charlatanism that has so unfortunately surrounded him, and proclaimed himself a true son of art. "The hour and the man" were come. What use did the latter make of the former? To play two long concertos, each in three movements, by Ole Bull. Neither of them contained an idea of sufficient dignity to entitle it to a position in one of Offenbach's scores. Both were vapid to an almost incredible extent—mere feeble wanderings through the realms of sound in vain search for ideas that were never found. Of the two hours and a half that the concert occupied, nearly one hour was given up to Ole Bull's self-illustrations. It was a splendid instance of artistic egotism. Mr. Bull does know one good piece,—a lachrymose by Mozart, for we have heard him play it. Why not have given that? Being encoered he played a piece feebler even in ideas, if that were possible, than the concerto. We do not know its name. If called upon to conjecture, we should say it was "Highiddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle." The fiddle was there palpably, and we could almost swear to the cat, for it is the custom of great violinists to imitate the calls of all the wild and domestic animals upon their instruments. It is the modern school of violin playing. Though no "little dog" was there "to see the sport," there was the Doctor's orchestra of 100, who knew perfectly well how unworthy it all was, who smiled grimly at the exhibition. It is but proper to add that these pieces did what they were written to do. They illustrated Ole Bull's immense technical skill, and that splendid breadth and nobility of phrasing in which he has no superior. From that bit of wood and string he certainly can draw tones that glow and tremble with emotion, and that stay forever in the memory. More is the pity that such great ability should not have been turned to some good end, and that on this occasion, of all others in his life, the player should not have cast aside all thought of self-display, and brought all the results of his life of labor and of his great natural gifts to the interpretation and illustration of some work of acknowledged inspiration. Which does he lack, a reverence for his art, or capacity to execute the higher works?

Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, two movements from an unfinished symphony by Schubert, and Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture completed the programme. Mendelssohn's symphony does not add to his reputation. Compared with the "Scotch" and Italian symphonies, it is of very inferior merit. The first movement is especially labored and forced. The allegro vivace is a peasants' dance, that seems to have no relation to the rest of the work, though charming in itself. The interest centres in the final movement, where Luther's hymn "Ein feste Burg" is nobly worked out in simple counterpoint and fugue. The subject, it seems to us, was one rather foreign to Mendelssohn's peaceful and almost effeminate genius. The warring elements of the branches of the Christian Church found no profound sympathy in a mind colored by, even though not assenting to, the traditions of Judaism. The atmosphere of conflict was alien to all his tastes and sympathies, and as a natural result he failed to reproduce in music what was not in his own nature.

Beethoven's well-known overture requires no comment, and Schubert's work was full of that spontaneous melody that is manifest in everything he ever composed.

HANDEL AND SHAKESPEARE.—The name of Gervinus is a sufficient guarantee for the æsthetic value, if not the critical infallibility, of his work on Handel and Shakspeare. Whatever he may write on such lofty topics is sure to be eagerly discussed, and to exercise a powerful influence upon opinion. It is, however, entirely beyond our power to convey an adequate notion of a work which, although the author disclaims technical proficiency, presupposes on the reader's part a thorough acquaintance with the great masterpieces of music. We shall only observe, then, that Gervinus appears to maintain that the parallel between Shakspeare and Handel is complete, and that the latter reigns in the world of music with as absolute and unparticipated a sway as the former in the world of poetry. As a consequence, he is rather inclined to depreciate Beethoven, and, remembering the vast importance which the Greeks attached to music as a moral influence, he strenuously exhorts the Germans to devote themselves to the study of Handel, in order that, by the purifying operation of his strains, they may become fitted for the high destinies to which they appear to be called. These views will undoubtedly find favor in England, which may justly claim not only to have welcomed and encouraged Handel during his life, but to have stood in the same relation to him since his death as the German criticism of the last century occupied towards Shakspeare. How they will be received in Germany is another question. It is an obvious remark, that the popularity of Handel in England is largely owing to the intimate connexion of his principal works with the Scriptures, which, if objects of profounder investigation to the learned in Germany, are far less part and parcel of the intellectual treasure of the people. Two other divisions of this remarkable work embrace eleven essays on music, eight of an historico-critical, and three of a purely æsthetic character.—*Athenæum*.

What is He?

Whenever the great name of Abbé Franz Liszt appears in the majority of musical papers, observes a writer in our Berlin contemporary, the *Echo*, it is accompanied by numerous errors with regard to his present clerical character. He is sometimes designated the "Abt" (*Anglice*: "Abbot") Liszt; sometimes he is reported "to have celebrated mass;" sometimes he is said to have assumed the clerical character "for the purpose of escaping a marriage," etc. The following facts may, perhaps, serve to cast a light upon the matter. From the very earliest years of the Christian era, a benediction was pronounced on every one entering the service of the Church, however subordinate the position he might occupy. A distinction was made between consecration of a sacramental and consecration of a sacramentalistic character (*sacramentum* and *sacramentalis*). This gave rise to the "higher" and "lower" or "minor" orders, as they are called. The "minor" orders were, and still are, with Roman Catholics, those of door-keeper, reader, exorciser, and acolyte. Before taking them, the candidate had to be admitted into the clerical body, which was done by his taking the tonsure, with which was combined the right of wearing the clerical costume, namely, the talar and alb. Liszt was, like any one else, able to enter the clerical body even without taking the four "minor" orders. Had he taken them, he could still marry, but not celebrate mass, or be what the Germans call an "Abt." Everyone, however, received into the clerical order by his adoption of the tonsure is called an "Abbé," or, in Italian, an "Abbate." In English the word "Abbot," and in German the word "Abt" (Lat. "Abbas") is employed to designate a regularly appointed head of a monastery belonging to certain orders. It is not all orders that have Abbots; the Jesuits, and the Mendicant Orders, as they are called, have none. Liszt is, therefore, simply an "Abbé," or "Abbate," but not a priest; he cannot celebrate mass; he *can*, his clerical character notwithstanding, marry; he is not an "Abbot" (Germ. "Abt"), and not even a member of any particular religious fraternity. It is true that he belongs to the Third Order, as it is called, of St. Francis of Assisi, but this is not an order in the strict acceptance of the word, but simply a congregation or body of laymen. Why Liszt entered the clerical ranks, and thus became an "Abbé," is something we cannot tell the curious reader; perhaps he did so to propagate more easily his musical tendencies at Rome. At present he is said to devote his attention almost exclusively to church music. If the reader would know whether, without becoming a priest, Liszt could be made a cardinal, the answer is Yes, provided he takes the two highest orders of subdeacon and deacon. Thus Antonelli is Cardinal Deacon, and to the question that has so frequently been put: Why has Antonelli never celebrated mass?—the reply is: Because he is not a priest, but only a deacon.

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